

WELL, THE YALE CREW LOST AT HENLEY.

Beaten a Length and a Quarter by the Leander Crew After a Grand, Game Struggle.

Bob Cook and Captain Treadway Say They Have Not a Single Excuse to Make and Praise Their English Competitors.

Though the Yale Coach Thinks Old Eli Might Have Won with English Oars and Hopes for Another Try--Dr. McDowell Wins His Heat.

By Ralph D. Paine.
Henley-on-Thames, July 7.—The Grand Challenge Cup stood big and shining in the grand start at noon to-day, looking more dazzling to Yale men than ever did the sun. The trophy that a crew of American oarsmen had come 3,000 miles to win was before their eyes, but beyond its brilliance was stretching a mile of the Thames in its grandest pageant. The most multi-colored scene of aquatic splendor in all the world was his mile between the sun-browned Yalensians and the silver vase that means the rowing championship of all nations. Two hours later Bob Cook looked ruefully at this cup, saying:

"It's a clumsy piece of architecture. I don't believe it is silver. It would have been a lot of bother to carry it back to New Haven. They make prettier cups at home."

For Yale had been beaten by Leander one and a quarter length in 7:14 after a splendid struggle in the first day's heats for the Grand Challenge trophy. Yale was squarely defeated after a heart-breaking race from the start, yielding to the Leander veterans in the last half of the course. The Americans did not falter until the red finish flag fluttered by their swimming vision.

Pulled to the Last Stroke.

They pulled for Yale and America until the last stroke.

They sat up bravely in their boat while in their ears sounded the roar of all England:

"Well rowed, Leander!"

"Well pulled, Yale!"

Above the din came echoing the bark of the Yale cheer:

"Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! Yale!"

Shrill and defiant came the cheer, for no American had cause to be ashamed of Yale. Every man did his best and every man died hard. They had only to say when all was over:

"The best crew won. They rowed too fast for us. We hope we can meet such good sportsmen again, and that we can keep at them until we win."

These Yale youngsters, averaging only twenty-one years, and inexperienced, had met one of the strongest crews ever turned out in England.

The British were veterans, whose age averaged more than five years greater, and whose rowing age antedated the Americans by fully ten years.

In perfectly calm water, without the slightest advantage of wind, which Yale so earnestly prayed for, Leander finished with bare daylight between the rudder of the leaping Leander shell and the prow of Yale's boat.

Yale Luck Not in Evidence.

The story of the race is soon told. The

OPINION OF A GREAT ENGLISH COACH.

Trevor Jones Says if Yale Had Used Narrower Blades She Would Have Defeated Leander.

Henley-on-Thames, July 7.—Trevor Jones, the Trinity Hall coach, and one of the foremost men in English rowing circles, said:

"Now it is all over, I will say what I wanted to tell you yesterday; that is: If you had used narrower blades you would have won to-day. It was a gallant race; one of the finest I ever saw rowed on English waters. Your blades are too wide for this course. I think this is the general opinion among English rowing men. I thought yesterday, and have thought all along that Yale had a fine show to defeat Leander. We have thought you very dangerous from the start."

CAPTAIN TREADWAY PRAISES COOK.

"No Other Man Could Have Done So Well For Yale, He Says.—"We Were Fairly Beaten."

Henley-on-Thames, July 7.—Captain Treadway, of the Yale crew, said this to the Journal correspondent:

"We were fairly beaten. That covers the ground. The crew wishes me to say that Mr. Cook did everything in his power to bring victory to Yale; that he has labored unceasingly for us, and that we feel very grateful to him. No other man could have done so much for Yale."

Weather was intensely hot—as unbearable as the worst days in New York. Not a breath of air was on the course, and the proverbial Yale luck went up with a loud explosion.

and which would have given Yale the race to-day, was nowhere felt.

The first heats for the Grand Challenge Cup aroused little enthusiasm, the whole atmosphere being breathless with expecta-

tion for the Yale race. New College had an easy victory over Trinity Hall. This contest only whetted appetites for New College showed herself to be a red hot rival for the winner of the Yale-Leander struggle.

Shortly after 1 o'clock bells rang along the course to clear the way. The river was one great flotilla of row boats, but they drifted away, as if by magic. Yale flags danced thickly in the magnificent tangle. Small craft crowded behind the boundary posts. On house boats and on grand stand and along the tow path, Yale men showed enthusiastic presence by the dark blue familiar at New London, but it was New London magnified a thousand fold in beauty.

Leander rowed up the course to the start, while Yale sent her shell up early. It was towed by the substitutes. Cook walked restlessly along the bank, chatting to conceal his feeling.

The start was beyond the head of Temple Island, out of view of the multitude. It was strangely quiet.

Lined Up for the Start.

In this shadowed stretch the two crews backed up to punts, where the sterns were held. Leander had trouble in getting headed right, the long, nervous wait trying the Yale men, who behaved like veterans. The only group at the start were the mounted English coaches on the river bank, who

were to gallop along with the crews. At last Umpire Willan said:

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!"

There was a splash, a rattle, a lightning heave of muscular shoulders, and the boom of the starting cannon rolled down the course. Yale got a bad start, her first three short strokes being sadly mixed. Leander went off like a bullet from a rifle, getting half a length on Yale in this first terrific jump. Then Yale lengthened out her stride like a greyhound, and in twenty strokes the American shell was even with the English boat. It was a marvellous effort. Both crews were going forty-one strokes to the minute at the start.

Yale's Shell in Front.

The island is 150 yards long, and when the end was reached Yale's prow shot out like a yellow rocket six feet to the good. Both crews were going smoothly and beautifully. Then Captain Treadway called for a spurt. The crew responded well, and inch by inch the white shirts of Yale forged

BOB COOK SAYS YALE WAS FAIRLY BEATEN.

The Great Coach Thinks His Crew Was Handicapped by Broad Blades, but Hopes to Have Another Eight at Henley.

Henley-on-Thames, July 7.—Bob Cook, Yale's coach, said to the Journal correspondent immediately after the race:

"The best crew won. The other fellows rowed faster and were a better crew. We have no complaint to make. Our crew rowed its hardest and best. Every man did his duty. They have been treated in every way so cordially and fairly that I cannot say too much about the sportsmanship and courtesy of English rowing men."

"I think one of the main reasons for our defeat was in our broader blades. The narrower English oars are better adapted to heavy water and short distances. The climate has not affected our men. They were in good shape, but at this killing distance they could not pull the stroke through. This is why we were beaten in the last half. If Yale had used narrower blades on this course they would have made a better showing. There was not time to accustom them to narrower oars or we would have used them. Our stroke will not be changed as a result of this race, although some mechanical changes in our boat may be made. These Englishmen know the trick better than we do. This is natural, with their greater experience."

"I hope we can bring another crew over to profit by what Yale has learned. With two weeks more training, I think Yale would have gone as fast as any crew on the river. I am not making excuses, but this crew met many adverse circumstances. It was not as good as the Yale crews of '95, '92 or '88. I found them when they began work here behind the average of Yale crews. With the men in such shape there was not time to finish them off, although three weeks would have been long enough under ordinary circumstances for this purpose. Yale University has gotten a great deal of good from this trip. I am glad we came over. We can only say, 'better luck next time.' I appreciate the work of the crew. No men could have rowed harder to-day."

They knew that the pace had killed them.

Although Leander was only a quarter of

Sir Edward Moss sent for a case of champagne and offered his own carriage to the

right to-night, although they were well done up to a man at the finish.

Molean, the coach of New College, said:

"I think Yale was defeated because the blades were too broad for this course. With a little more body swing Yale would be good for any of them. The English crew were glad to see Mr. Cook try English oars and were sorry to see them give them up for we wanted you to do the best possible. We want to see you in the Grand Challenge again."

English Blades Are Better.

After seeing this race, I agree with these opinions, that for this punishing course—the hardest to row in the world—the tremendous resistance of American blades is so high a stroke, over such a short course, will kill the chances of any crew before the finish.

Leander furnished an object lesson for Yale, for, while they were older, and more seasoned, they were no stronger physically than Yale, which has never given out on the end of a race through inability to pull it through. The time to-day—7:14 for Leander, with Yale four seconds behind—was five seconds faster than the best of any of the other boats. It was good, for the heat was telling.

The fastest time over the course this year was by Leander and New, 7:04, with light, favoring wind.

Coxswain Clarke carried the rabbit foot and the lucky penny, which he slung overboard after the race. He steered a good course and lost no distance.

Took Defeat to Heart.

The crew took defeat much to heart, several men crying a bit in seclusion. But they came on the towpath to see the rest of the day's racing. They will stay to see the regatta out, the race between Leander and New promising to be a great struggle to-morrow. The Yale men will then scatter for the summer.

One American Wins.

Dr. McDowell, the Chalmers sculler, his heat in the diamond sculls in magnificent style from E. Guinness, simply playing with his rival. The American was given an ovation, as his victory was unexpected. He came home a length ahead, and is now thought to have a good show for the final heat. This is the only ray in the gloomy cloud for Americans, who faded from town to-day with great quickness. Ambassador Bayard was not present. He was represented by the First Secretary of the American Legation, James R. Roosevelt. The Grand Challenge Cup is now between Leander and Yale. It is probable that the Yale crew was handicapped somewhat by the trouble with the new boat and experimenting with new oars, but in the latter case Cook's opinion proved correct. The Yale stroke rowed to-day, with no copying of the Leander. It was the swing that has won New London, but it was not rowed with enough.

A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE

Thousands of People Hundreds of Small Craft, Scores of Houseboats at the Henley Regatta.

By Julian Ralph.

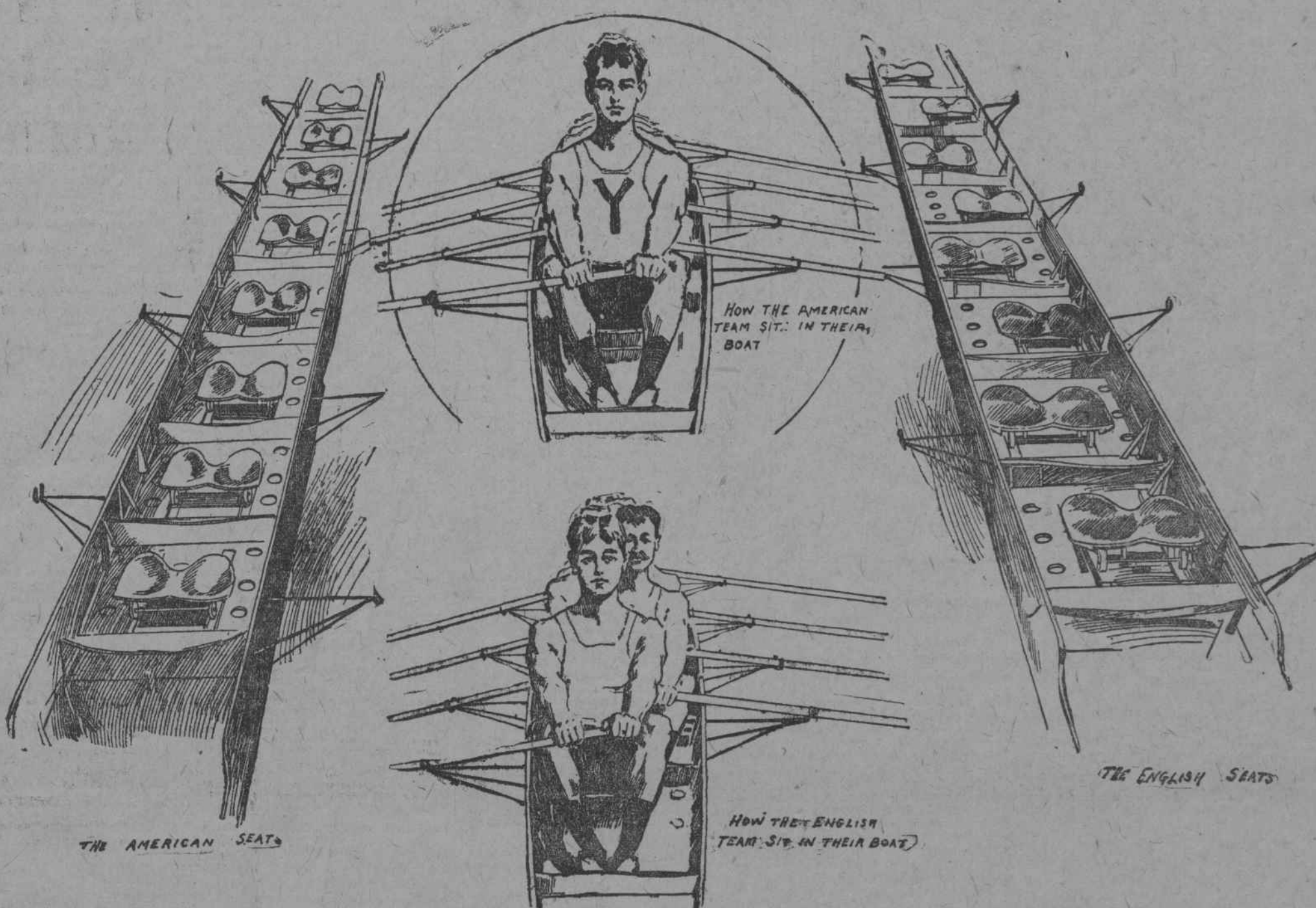
London, July 7.—Americans by the hundreds met at Henley to-day. They spent money enough to buy the whole show, but they only carried off one little winning. There is only one Henley—English call it royal; Yankees call it elegant, but no word or phrase describes it.

The multitude about forms ceaselessly a weaving, shifting, changing array of colors like the patterns of a vast Persian rug inspired with life movement. The play of the restless masses of color resembles the working of a loom in the hands of a god whose shuttle creates a masterpiece of brilliant tapestry.

I looked. Every drop of my Yankee blood leaped with new energy. If I beat them we are good men, indeed.

Do you know how an elephant pulls a cannon? Have you seen a hundred-ton engine move a light train? That is how Leander's men loafed along with their gig at the gall of about nine miles an hour. One giant slightly bald, another bearded, several almost old enough to be fathers of our Yale boys.

BASEBALL, Polo Grounds, a game between Metropolitan vs. New Haven. Adm. 25c. and



THE DIFFERENCE IN THE METHOD OF RIGGING SEATS IN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SHELLS.

There is a distinct difference of opinion between Americans and Englishmen as to how a racing eight-oared shell should be rigged. In this country the seats are all in line with the centre, whereas in Great Britain they are placed on alternate sides of the boat. One of the great difficulties is to keep the boat steady and on an even keel. This the American plan is supposed to make easier, but, on the other hand, the English method of seating the crew permits a longer lever between the application of the power and the fulcrum, thus securing a great mechanical advantage. Judging by the results of yesterday's struggle at Henley, college coaches would do well to give a thorough trial of the foreign method of rigging, as it seems, on the whole, to be an improvement on our plan. The dimensions of the oars used on either side of the Atlantic are not identical, the British blade being slightly longer and a trifle narrower than the American. The stroke in favor on the Thames, Isis and Cam is also the envy of our oarsmen, being very long, with plenty of body swing and a sharp catch of the water.

The side wind, which had blown for two weeks solidly, giving the Bucks course (Yale's side) easily two lengths advantage,

ahead of the crimson trimmed jerseys of Leander. It was hammer and tongs for this first half of the course, the two shells jumping together at every stroke. On the bank was an insane crowd, panting along with the crews in a cloud of dust. It was anybody's race, and a sight to thrill one's blood.

Both crews were going forty strokes to the minute at Fawley Court, which is half way. At this point Yale's shell was a quarter of a length ahead. This advantage was won by an effort that was killing. Then Leander began to crawl up. The race was now in the thick of the multitude afield and afloat, while Yale and Leander cheers rose in stirring confusion. Mercilessly, mechanically Leander crawled to the fore. Langford tried to raise Yale's stroke for a spurt, but the men behind him could not respond. The last four broke their backs, but the boat began to drag. It was the beginning of the end. In Yale's shell Simpson, Brown and Rodgers were beginning to lag, showing the effects of the punishing race over the first half of the course.

Eli in Desperate Strife.

Leander was going with life; Yale was pulling hard and desperately, but she was far from dead. The voices of Yale men counting ten hard strokes sounded savagely like the death cry of fighting race of men.

a length ahead, the race was practically over. Leander steadily increased her lead, and a quarter of a mile from the finish three-quarters of a length separated her from the American shell. Yale was now rowing thirty-nine, Leander was still at forty. The finish was near and the Highland Band was playing "God Save the Queen."

Plucky to the End.

Langford tried to raise Yale's stroke, but the men could not answer, and the Americans, still pulling with grand pluck, with no sign of faltering and no ragged rowing, crossed the finish line a length and a quarter behind Leander, who, having the race in hand, did not spurt, but finished at forty strokes to the minute.

In the last stretch Simpson, Brown and Rodgers were weakening, Simpson getting out of stroke now and then; but for a beaten crew, after such a killing race, the Yale men ended like veterans.

When their oars stopped trailing like the wings of a wounded bird, the Yale men sat up, but Rodgers looked as white as paper. Then Coxswain Clarke called "Just a few more, fellows," and the Yale shell moved over to the landing float. There was no longer any need for bracing up, and Brown and Rodgers fell like dead men on the float. Old Leander men ran down and picked the oarsmen up like children and cared for them.

American oarsmen. There were tears in the eyes of these veteran English oarsmen. They clasped the hands of the Yale men, saying:

"Splendidly rowed. You are plucky chaps and you must come over again."

When Cook got off the umpire's launch, Guy Nickalls shook his hand and said:

"We want you to try us again. We like your way of doing things, and 'twould always be gladly welcomed by every rowing man in England. You rowed a grand race."

Umpire Willan turned to Cook and said: "It was one of the grandest races I ever saw. Considering your handicaps, you made a magnificent showing. Your sportsmanlike spirit has made you a host of friends in England."

Sir Edwards Moss said:

"Your No. 7, Treadway, is one of the finest oarsmen that ever rowed at Henley. There is no better in England to-day. I consider him one of the best men I ever saw row, and class him with W. E. Cramm. Your race was no disgrace. Your work was worthy of the highest praise, and I hope to see you here again next year. Yale has made a splendid impression here."

Two Yale Men Collapsed.

Brown and Rodgers lay on the float several minutes, Brown coming round all right, while Rodgers felt "rocky" until late in the afternoon. All the men feel

THE AMERICAN OAR

THE ENGLISH OAR